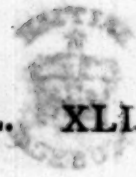


THE

BRITISH POETS.

V O L.  XLI.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH.

M,DCC,LXXIII.

THE

# BRITISH POETS.



LONDON: H. B. S. & CO.

Printed for J. Harrison and W. Carter.

MDCCCXXII

S E L E C T  
W O R K S

OF



W. SHENSTONE, Esq;

E D I N B U R G H :

Printed for J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH.

M,DCC,LXXIII.

211 B C T

W O R K S

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W. CHURCHILL

211 B C T

Printed by J. Harrison at W. Church

M. DCC. LXXIII

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# E L E G I E S

O N

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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### E L E G Y I.

He describes his vision to an acquaintance.

*Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c. VIRG.*

ON distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,  
Pensive I saw the circling shade descend;  
Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,  
While the sun vanish'd like a faithless friend.

No kind companion led my steps aright;  
No friendly planet lent its glimm'ring ray;  
Ev'n the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,  
Where toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the day.

Then the dull bell had giv'n a pleasing sound;  
The village cur 'twere transport then to hear;

A

In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,  
While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.

As led by ORWELL's winding banks I stray'd,  
Where tow'ring WOLSEY breath'd his native air;  
A sudden lustre chas'd the sitting shade,  
The sounding winds were hush'd, and all was fair.

Instant a grateful form appear'd confess'd;  
White were his locks with awful scarlet crown'd,  
And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,  
That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

"Stranger, he said, amid this pealing rain,  
Benighted, lonesome, whither wou'dst thou stray?  
Does wealth or pow'r thy weary step constrain?  
Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

For know, I trod the trophy'd paths of pow'r;  
Felt ev'ry joy that fair ambition brings;  
And left the lonely roof of yonder bow'r,  
To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

I bade low hinds the tow'ring ardour share;  
Nor meanly rose, to bless myself alone:  
I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,  
And bade his wholesome dictate guard the throne.

Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw;  
I saw proud empires my decision wait;  
My will was duty, and my word was law,  
My smile was transport, and my frown was fate."

Ah me! said I, nor pow'r I seek, nor gain;  
 Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure;  
 A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,  
 And, from his friend's condolance, hopes a cure.

He, the dear youth, to whose abodes I roam,  
 Nor can mine honours, nor my fields extend;  
 Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,  
 Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

Beneath that home I scorn the wint'ry wind;  
 The spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree;  
 And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,  
 O how my lonely cot resounds with glee!

Yet, tho' averse to gold in heaps amass'd,  
 I wish to bless, I languish to bestow;  
 And tho' no friend to fame's obstreperous blast,  
 Still, to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with servile tone to deign address;  
 Too mean to think that honours are my due;  
 Yet shou'd some patron yield my stores to bless,  
 I sure shou'd deem my boundless thanks were few.

But tell me, thou! that, like a meteor's fire,  
 Shot'st blazing forth; disdaining dull degrees;  
 Shou'd I to wealth, to fame, to pow'r aspire,  
 Must I not pass more rugged paths than these?

Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,  
 Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray?

Does not felonious envy bar the road?  
Or falshood's treach'rous foot beset the way?

Say, shou'd I pass thro' favour's crowded gate,  
Must not fair truth inglorious wait behind?

Whilst I approach the glitt'ring scenes of state,  
My best companion no admittance find?

Nurs'd in the shades by freedom's lenient care,  
Shall I the rigid sway of fortune own?

Taught by the voice of pious truth, prepare  
To spurn an altar, and adore a throne?

And when proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes,  
And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,

Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,  
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend?

Oh! if these hills the price of pow'r advance,  
Check not my speed where social joys invite!

The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,  
And, sighing, vanish'd in the shades of night.

E L E G Y II.

He complains how soon the pleasing novelty  
of life is over. To Mr. J——.

AH me, my friend! it will not, will not last!  
This fairy-scene, that cheats our youthful eyes!  
The charm dissolves; th' aerial music's past;  
The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,  
Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?  
Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,  
And we, delightless, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain!  
What has the world to bribe our steps astray?  
Ere reason learns by study'd laws to reign,  
The weaken'd passions, self-subdued, obey.

Scarce has the sun sev'n annual courses roll'd,  
Scarce shewn the whole that fortune can supply;  
Since, not the miser so caress'd his gold,  
As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part;  
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!  
'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh my foolish heart!  
Substantial joy was fix'd in pow'r and place.

And you, ye works of art ! allur'd mine eye,  
The breathing picture, and the living stone :  
“ Tho' gold, tho' splendour, heav'n and fate deny,  
“ Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own !”

Smit with the charms of fame, whose lovely spoil  
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,  
I trimm'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—  
But soon the paths of health and fame divide !

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas nature form'd the pray'r,  
To grace my native scenes, my rural home ;  
To see my trees express their planter's care,  
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er !  
A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul :  
A fond aspiring candidate no more,  
I scorn the palm, before I reach the goal.

O youth ! enchanting stage, profusely blest !  
Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind ;  
Of health neglectful, yet by health caref'd ;  
Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as op'ning roses fair ;  
More free, more vivid than the linnet's wing ;  
Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,  
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,  
Not all the craft subtle age assign'd,

Not science shall extort that dear delight,  
Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu, soft raptures! transports void of care!  
Parent of raptures, dear deceit, adieu!  
And you, her daughters, pining with despair,  
Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!  
Again to trace the wint'ry tracts of snow!  
Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey  
The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow!

O life! how soon of ev'ry bliss forlorn!  
We start false joys, and urge the devious race:  
A tender prey; that cheers our youthful morn,  
Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.

## E L E G Y III.

### His RECANTATION.

**N**O more the muse obtrudes her thin disguise!  
No more with awkward fallacy complains,  
How ev'ry fervour from my bosom flies,  
And reason in her lonesome palace reigns.

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,  
No more she paints the breast from passion free ;  
I feel, I feel one loitering wish survive——  
Ah, need I, FLORIO, name that wish to thee ?

The star of VENUS ushers in the day,  
The first, the loveliest of the train that shine !  
The star of VENUS lends her brightest ray,  
When other stars their friendly beams resign.

Still in my breast one soft desire remains,  
Pure as that star, from guilt, from int'rest free,  
Has gentle DELIA trip'd across the plains,  
And need I, FLORIO, name that wish to thee ?

While, cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,  
I tune, with careless hand, my languid lays ;  
Some secret impulse wakes my former flame,  
And fires my strain with hope of brighter days.

I slept not long beneath yon rural bow'rs ;  
And lo ! my crook with flow'rs adorn'd I see :  
Has gentle DELIA bound my crook with flow'rs,  
And need I, FLORIO, name my hopes to thee ?

## E L E G Y IV.

## T O A F R I E N D,

On some slight occasion estranged from him.

**H**EALTH to my friend, and many a cheerful day  
Around his seat may peaceful shades abide !  
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles, away,  
And, till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me ! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom !  
Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy !  
Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume,  
Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy.

Say, were it ours, by fortune's wild command,  
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone ;  
Wouldst thou reject thy DAMON's plighted hand ?  
Wouldst thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend disown ?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime :  
Shall kindred souls forego their social claim ?  
Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,  
Shall dark suspicion quench the gen'rous flame ?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mold,  
See sadly sever'd by the laws of chance !

TO P O E M S OF

Myriads, in time's perennial list enroll'd,  
 Forbid by fate to change one transient glance!

But we have met—where ills of every form,  
 Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend:  
 Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm?  
 And guide them to the bosom—of a friend!

Yes, we have met—thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong:  
 Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!  
 Why leave thy friend amid the boist'rous throng,  
 Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For oh! pale sickness warns thy friend away;  
 For me no more the vernal roses bloom!  
 I see stern fate his ebon wand display;  
 And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

'Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,  
 Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier;  
 "Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,  
 "To let suspicion intermix a fear."

E L E G Y V.

In memory of a \* private family in  
WORCESTERSHIRE.

FROM a lone tow'r with rev'rend ivy crown'd,  
The pealing bell awak'd a tender sigh;  
Still, as the village caught the waving sound,  
A swelling tear distream'd from ev'ry eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each BRITON's breast of old,  
When the dull curfew spoke their freedom fled;  
For sighing as the mournful accent roll'd,  
Our hope, they cry'd, our kind support, is dead!

'Twas good PALEMON——near a shaded pool,  
A group of ancient elms umbrageous rose;  
The flocking rooks, by instinct's native rule,  
This peaceful scene, for their asylum, chose.

A few small spires, to Gothic fancy fair,  
Amid the shades emerging, struck the view;

\* The Penns of HARBOROUGH; a place whose name  
in the SAXON language, alludes to an army. And  
there is a tradition, that there was a battle fought on  
the Downs adjoining, betwixt the BRITONS and the  
ROMANS.

"Twas here his youth respir'd its earliest air;  
 'Twas here his age breath'd out its last adieu.

One favour'd son engag'd his tenderest care;  
 One pious youth his whole affection crown'd:  
 In his young breast the virtues sprung so fair,  
 Such charms display'd, such sweets diffus'd around.

But whilst gay transport in his face appears,  
 A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky;  
 Blasts the fair crop—the fire is drown'd in tears,  
 And, scarce surviving, sees his CYNTHIO die!

O'er the pale corse we saw him gently bend;  
 Heart-chill'd with grief—my thread, he cry'd, is  
 spun!

"If Heav'n had meant I should my life extend,  
 Heav'n had preserv'd my life's support, my son.

Snatch'd in thy prime! alas, the stroke were mild,  
 Had my frail form obey'd the fates' decree!  
 Blest were my lot, O CYNTHIO! O my child!  
 Had Heav'n so pleas'd, and I had dy'd for thee."

Five sleepless nights he stem'd this tide of woes;  
 Five irksome suns he saw, thro' tears, forlorn!  
 On his pale corse the sixth sad morning rose;  
 From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.

'Twas on those \* downs, by Roman hosts annoy'd,  
 Fought our bold fathers; rustic, unrefin'd!

\* HARBOROUGH DOWNS.

Freedom's plain sons, in martial cares employ'd !  
 They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their mind.

'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race  
 Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat ;  
 War's deadly crimson had forsook the place,  
 And freedom fondly lov'd the chosen seat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breast,  
 To swell with empty sounds a spotless name ;  
 If soft'ring skies, the sun, the show'r were blest,  
 Their bounty spread ; their fields extent the fame.

Those fields, profuse of raiment, food, and fire,  
 They scorn'd to lessen, careless to extend ;  
 Bade luxury, to lavish courts aspire,  
 And avarice, to city-breasts descend.

None, to a virgin's mind, preferr'd her dow'r ;  
 To fire with vicious hopes a modest heir :  
 The fire, in place of titles, wealth, or pow'r,  
 Assign'd him virtue ; and his lot was fair.

They spoke of Fortune, as some doubtful dame,  
 That sway'd the natives of a distant sphere ;  
 From lucre's vagrant sons had learn'd her fame,  
 But never with'd to place her banners here.

Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay,  
 Enjoy'd the most that innocence can give ;  
 Those wholesome sweets that border virtue's way ;  
 Those cooling fruits, that we may taste and live.

Their board no strange ambiguous viand bore;  
From their own streams their choicer fare they drew,  
To lure the scaly glutton to the shore,  
The sole deceit their artless bosom knew!

Sincere themselves, ah too secure to find  
The common bosom, like their own, sincere!  
'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind;  
'Tis her own poison bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent fane,  
Their suppliant busts implore the reader's pray'r;  
Ah gentle souls! enjoy your blissful reign,  
And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For sure, to blissful realms the souls are flown,  
That never flatter'd, injur'd, censur'd, strove;  
The friends of science! music, all their own;  
Music, the voice of virtue and of love!

The journeying peasant, thro' the secret shade,  
Heard their soft lyres engage his list'ning ear;  
And haply deem'd some courteous angel play'd;  
No angel play'd—but might with transport hear.

For these the sounds that chase unholy strife!  
Solve envy's charm, ambition's wretch release!  
Raise him to spurn the radiant ills of life:  
To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewel, pure spirits! vain the praise we give,  
The praise you sought from lips angelic flows:

Farewel! the virtues which deserve to live,  
Deserve an ampler bliss than life bestows.

Last of his race, PALEMON, now no more  
The modest merit of his line display'd;  
Then pious HOUGH VIGORNIA's mitre wore—  
Soft sleep the dust of each deserving shade.

## E L E G Y VI.

He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation.

WHEN genius grac'd with lineal splendor glows,  
When title shines with ambient virtues crown'd,  
Like some fair almond's flow'ry pomp it shows;  
The pride, the perfume of the regions round.

Then learn, ye fair! to soften splendor's ray;  
Endure the swain, the youth of low degree;  
Let meekness join'd its temperate beam display;  
'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the scandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy;  
He sighs to brighten a neglected name;  
Foe to the dull appulse of vulgar joy,  
He mourns his lot; he wishes, merits fame.

In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly;  
Ambition there the bow'ry haunt invades;  
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,  
But gleam still lovely thro' the checquer'd shades.

Vainly, to guard from love's unequal chain,  
Has fortune rear'd us in the rural grove;

Should \*\*\*\*\*'s eyes illumine the desert plain,  
 Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I must love.

Nor unregarded sighs the lowly hind;  
 Tho' you contemn, the gods respect his vow :  
 Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,  
 And vengeance, too severe! the gods allow.

On SARUM's plain I met a wand'ring fair;  
 The look of sorrow, lovely still she bore:  
 Loose flow'd the soft redundance of her hair,  
 And, on her brow, a flow'ry wreath she wore.

Oft stooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the pride  
 Of ev'ry plain; she pillag'd ev'ry grove!  
 The fading chaplet daily she supply'd,  
 And still her hand some various garland wove.

Erroneous fancy shap'd her wild attire;  
 From BETHLEM's walls the poor lymphatic stray'd;  
 Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,  
 When, as wild fancy taught her, thus she said:

" Hear me, dear youth! oh hear an hapless maid,  
 Sprung from the scepter'd-line of ancient kings!  
 Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid;  
 Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.

'The world is frantic—fly the race profane—  
 Nor I, nor you, shall its compassion move;  
 Come friendly let us wander, and complain,  
 And tell me, shepherd! hast thou seen my love?

My love is young—but other loves are young;  
And other loves are fair, and so is mine;  
An air divine discloses whence he sprung;  
He is my love, who boasts that air divine.

No vulgar DAMON robs me of my rest,  
IANTHE listens to no vulgar vow;  
A prince, from gods descended, fires her breast;  
A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.

What, shall I stain the glories of my race?  
More clear, more lovely bright than HESPER's beam!  
The porcel'ain pure with vulgar dirt debase?  
Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream?

See thro' these veins the sapphire current shine!  
'Twas JOVE's own nectar gave th' ethereal hue:  
Can base plebeian forms contend with mine?  
Display the lovely white, or match the blue?

The painter strove to trace its azure ray;  
He chang'd his colours, and in vain he strove;  
He frown'd—I smiling view'd the faint essay;  
Poor youth! he little knew it flow'd from JOVE.

Pitying his toil, the wond'rous truth I told;  
How am'rous JOVE trepann'd a mortal fair;  
How thro' the race the generous current roll'd,  
And mocks the poet's art, and painter's care.

Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn, sprung  
Our sacred race; thro' demigods, convey'd;

And he, ally'd to PHOEBUS, ever young,  
My god-like boy, must wed their dutcous maid.

Oft, when a mortal vow profanes my ear,  
My fire's dread fury murmurs thro' the sky;  
And should I yield—his instant rage appears,  
He darts th' uplifted vengeance—and I die.

Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll!  
Have you not seen more horrid lightnings glare!  
'Twas then a vulgar love ensnar'd my soul:  
'Twas then—I hardly scap'd the fatal snare.

'Twas then a peasant pour'd his amorous vow,  
All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain;—  
Yet such his beauty—wou'd my birth allow,  
Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.

But oh! I faint! why wastes my vernal bloom,  
In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove?  
My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,  
And I shall die—before I find my love.

When last I slept, methought, my ravish'd eye,  
On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd;  
Tho' night's thick clouds encompass'd all the sky,  
The genis that bound his brow, dispell'd the shade.

O how this bosom kindled at the sight!  
Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chase;  
'Till, on a sudden, these with-held their light—  
All, all things envy the sublime embrace.

But now no more—behind the distant grove,  
 Wanders my destin'd youth, and chides my stay:  
 See, see, he grasps the steel—forbear my love—  
 IAN THE comes; thy princess hastes away."

Scornful she spoke, and heedless of reply  
 The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain;  
 The piteous victim of an angry sky!  
 Ah me! the victim of her proud disdain!

## E L E G Y VII.

Written in the year — when the rights  
 of sepulture were so frequently violated.

SAY, gentle sleep, that lov'st the gloom of night,  
 Parent of dreams! thou great magician, say,  
 Whence my late vision thus endures the light;  
 Thus haunts my fancy thro' the glare of day.

The silent moon had scal'd the vaulted skies,  
 And anxious care resign'd my limbs to rest;  
 A sudden lustre struck my wond'ring eyes,  
 And SILVIA stood before my couch confess.

Ah! not the nymph so blooming and so gay,  
 That led the dance beneath the festive shade!

But she that, in the morning of her day,  
Intomb'd beneath the grass-green sod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast;  
No more her breast inspir'd the lover's flame,  
No more her cheek the Pæstan rose surpass;  
Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal smile the same.

Nor such her hair as deck'd her living face;  
Nor such her voice as charm'd the list'ning crowd;  
Nor such her dress as heighten'd ev'ry grace;  
Alas! all vanish'd for the mournful shroud!

Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal charm the same;  
That dear distinction every doubt remov'd:  
Perish the lover, whose imperfect flame  
Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd.

" DAMON, she said, mine hour allotted flies;  
Oh! do not waste it with a fruitless tear!  
'Tho' griev'd to see thy SILVIA's pale disguise,  
Suspend thy sorrow, and attentive hear.

So may thy muse with virtuous fame be blest!  
So be thy love with mutual love repaid!  
So may thy bones in sacred silence rest,  
Fast by the reliques of some happier maid!

'Thou know'st, how ling'ring on a distant shore  
Disease invidious nipt my flow'ry prime;  
And oh! what pangs my tender bosom tore,  
To think I ne'er must view my native clime!

No friend was near to raise my drooping head;  
No dear companion wept to see me die:  
Lodge me within my native soil, I said;  
There my fond parents honour'd reliques lie.

Tho' now debarr'd of each domestic tear;  
Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow;  
There many a friend shall grace my woful bier,  
And many a sigh shall rise, and tear shall flow.

I spoke, nor fate forbore his trembling spoil;  
Some venal mourner lent his careless aid;  
And soon they bore me to my native soil,  
Where my fond parents dear remains were laid.

'Twas then the youths, from ev'ry plain and grove,  
Adorn'd with mournful verse thy SILVIA's bier;  
'Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove,  
And strew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

But why, alas! the tender scene display?  
Cou'd DAMON's foot the pious path decline?  
Ah no! 'twas DAMON first attun'd his lay,  
And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine.

Thus was I bosom'd in the peaceful grave;  
My placid ghost no longer wept its doom;  
When savage robbers every sanction brave,  
And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb!

Shall my poor corse, from hostile realms convey'd,  
Lose the cheap portion of my native sands?

Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,  
Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands?

Say, wou'd thy breast no death-like torture feel,  
To see my limbs the felons gripe obey?  
To see them gash'd beneath the daring steel?  
To crowds a spectre, and to dogs a prey?

If PÆAN's sons these horrid rites require,  
If health's fair science be by these refin'd,  
Let guilty convicts, for their use, expire;  
And let their breathless corse avail mankind.

Yet hard it seems, when guilt's last fine is paid,  
To see the victim's corse deny'd repose!  
Now, more severe! the poor offenceless maid  
Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.

Where is the faith of ancient pagans fled?  
Where the fond care the wand'ring manes claim?  
Nature, instinctive, cries, Protect the dead,  
And sacred be their ashes, and their fame:

Arise, dear youth! ev'n now the danger calls;  
Ev'n now the villain snuffs his wonted prey;  
See! see! I lead thee to yon' sacred walls——  
Oh! fly to chase these human wolves away."

## E L E G Y VIII.

Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind,  
on the melancholy event of a licentious  
amour.

WHY mourns my friend? why weeps his downcast  
eye?

That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?  
Thy chearful meads reprove that swelling sigh;  
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?  
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?  
Blest in thy song, and blest in ev'ry grace  
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

DAMON, said he, thy partial praise refrain;  
Not DAMON's friendship can my peace restore;  
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,  
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd,  
Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!  
Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,  
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets, farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,  
My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;

In fortune's train the syren flatt'ry smil'd,  
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,  
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!  
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,  
Nor dropt the chace, till JESSY was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,  
Expende, and art, and toil, united strove;  
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,  
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,  
I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;  
I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,  
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,  
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;  
I bade my words the wonted softness wear,  
And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my DAMON, dare I paint the rest?  
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?  
Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,  
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;  
Erewhile to flaunt it in the face of day;  
When scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,  
Low at my feet desponding JESSY lay.

“ HENRY, she said, by thy dear form subdu'd,  
 See the sad reliques of a nymph undone!  
 I find, I find this rising sob renew'd:  
 I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,  
 When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?  
 Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,  
 But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears  
 That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;  
 For I have sleep'd a father's couch in tears,  
 And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,  
 The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan;  
 All seem to chase me from the chearful plain,  
 And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,  
 Where bloom the jasmins that could once allure,  
 Hope not to find delight in us, they say,  
 For we are spotless, JESSY; we are pure.

Ye flow'rs! that well reproach a nymph so frail,  
 Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?  
 The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale  
 Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;  
 And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;

Trembles each lip, and falters ev'ry tongue,  
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus for your sake I shun each human eye;  
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;  
To die I languish, but I dread to die,  
Lest my sad fate shou'd nourish pangs for you.

Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,  
And let me silent seek some friendly shore;  
There only, banish'd from the form I love,  
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;  
Be such the meed of some more artful fair;  
Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,  
That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;  
Nor hurl thy JESSY to the vulgar crew;  
Not such the parent's board at which I fed!  
Not such the precept from his lips I drew!

Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,  
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;  
Envy may slight a face no longer fair,  
And pity welcome to my native soil."

She spoke—nor was I born of savage race;  
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;  
Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,  
And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;  
I saw her breast with ev'ry passion heave;  
I left her—torn from ev'ry earthly friend;  
Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be: the fatal storm arose;  
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;  
O'er the tall mast the circling furies close;  
My JESSY—floats upon the wat'ry plain!

And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay;  
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;  
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,  
From JESSY floating on her wat'ry bier!

# The DYING KID.

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi  
Prima fugit——

VIRG.

A Tear bedews my DELIA's eye,  
To think yon-playful kid must die;  
From crystal spring, and flow'ry mead,  
Must, in his prime of life, recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round  
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;  
From rock to rock pursue his way,  
And, on the fearful margin, play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,  
She saw him climb my rustic cell;  
'Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,  
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells, with what delight she stood,  
'To trace his features in the flood:  
Then skip'd aloof with quaint amaze;  
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed  
He flew, to hear my vocal reed;  
And how, with critic face profound,  
And stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,  
Deserves the gentle DELIA's care;  
And tears bedew her tender eye,  
To think the playful kid must die.——

But knows my DELIA, timely wise,  
How soon this blameless æra flies?  
While violence and craft succeed;  
Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,  
And yield her purple gifts no more;  
Ah soon, eras'd from every grove  
Were DELIA's name, and STREPHON's love!

No more those bow'rs might STREPHON see,  
Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee;  
No more those beds of flow'rets find,  
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear  
His bosom, now so void of care;  
And, when they left his ebbing vein,  
What, but insipid age, remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,  
That gave his life so short a date;  
And I will join my tenderest sighs,  
To think that youth so swiftly flies!

O D E S,

S O N G S,

B A L L A D S, &c.



## ODE to MEMORY. 1748.

O Memory! celestial maid!  
Who glean'st the flow'rets cropt by time;  
And, suffering not a leaf to fade,  
Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime;  
Bring, bring those moments to my mind  
When life was new, and LESBIA kind.

And bring that garland to my sight,  
With which my favour'd crook she bound;  
And bring that wreath of roses bright  
Which then my festive temples crown'd.  
And to my raptur'd ear convey  
The gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the muse's bow'r,  
Where ISIS rolls her silver tide;  
Nor yet emit one reed or flow'r  
That shines on CHERWELL's verdant side;  
If so thou may'st those hours prolong,  
When polish'd LYCON join'd my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite——  
But sure, to soothe our youthful dreams,  
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright  
Than other banks, than other streams:  
Or, by thy softening pencil shown,  
Assume they beauties not their own?

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,  
When, all beneath the poplar bough,  
My spirits light, my soul serene,  
I breath'd in verse one cordial vow :  
That nothing should my soul inspire,  
But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,  
On thee the drooping muse attends;  
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,  
On thy expressive pow'r depends;  
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,  
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away  
Which at ambition's shrine I made;  
Nor ever let thy skill display  
Those anxious moments, ill repaid :  
Oh! from my breast that season rase,  
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,  
And bring the hobby I bestrode;  
When pleas'd, in many a sportive ring,  
Around the room I jovial rode :  
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,  
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,  
Why did not these enjoyments last ;  
How sweetly wasted I the day,  
While innocence allow'd to waste ?  
Ambition's toils alike are vain,  
But ah! for pleasure yields us pain.

## O D E to a young L A D Y,

Somewhat too folicitous about her manner of  
expression.

**S**URVEY, my fair! that lucid stream  
Adown the smiling valley stray;  
Would art attempt, or fancy dream,  
To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair  
In loose dishevel'd ringlets flow:  
Not all thy art, not all thy care,  
Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,  
With native plants enamel'd o'er;  
Say, can the painter's utmost skill  
Instruct one flow'r to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,  
To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose;  
And oh may LAURA, ere she try,  
With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark, how the wood-lark's tuneful throat  
Can every study'd grace excel;  
Let art constrain the rambling note,  
And will she, LAURA, please so well?

Oh ever keep thy native ease,  
By no pedantic law confin'd!  
For LAURA's voice is form'd to please,  
So LAURA's words be not unkind.

S O N G S,

Written chiefly between the Year 1737 and  
1742.

S O N G I.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,  
My fields were small, my flocks were few;  
While faltering accents spoke my fear,  
That FLAVIA might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,  
And vagrant sheep that left my fold:  
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;  
And is not FLAVIA then sincere?

How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,  
The friends I lov'd became unkind,  
She heard, and shed a generous tear;  
And is not FLAVIA then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,  
My FLAVIA must not hope for dress;  
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;  
And FLAVIA sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,  
Go reap the plenty of your plains;  
Despoil'd of all which you revere,  
I know my FLAVIA's love sincere.

## S O N G II.

## T H E S K Y - L A R K .

G O, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,  
To DAPHNE's window speed thy way;  
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,  
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,  
And if she praise thy matin song,  
Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear,  
To DAMON's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,  
The bird from Indian groves may shine;  
But ask the lovely partial maid,  
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witlefs beau,  
And all his flaunting race with scorn;  
And lend an ear to DAMON's woe,  
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

S O N G III.

Ah! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos  
Optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem.

ON every tree, in every plain,  
I trace the jovial spring in vain!  
A sickly languor veils mine eyes,  
And fast my waning vigour flies.

Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree,  
That smile on others, smile on me;  
Mine eyes from death shall court repose,  
Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring?  
Or, what the needless pride of spring?  
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,  
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair,  
Might claim a while my wonted care;  
My rural store some pleasure yield;  
So white a flock, so green a field!

My friends, that each in kindness vie,  
Might well expect one parting sigh;  
Might well demand one tender tear:  
For when was DAMON unsincere?

But ere I ask once more to view  
Yon setting sun his race renew,  
Inform me, swains; my friends, declare,  
Will pitying DELIA join the prayer?

S O N G IV. 1743.

THE fatal hours are wondrous near,  
That, from these fountains, bear my dear;  
A little space is giv'n; in vain:  
She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space, for me to prove  
My boundless flame, my endless love;  
And like the train of vulgar hours,  
Invidious time that space devours.

Near yonder beach is DELIA's way,  
On that I gaze the livelong day;  
No eastern monarch's dazzling pride  
Should draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief, that knows of succours nigh,  
And sees his mangled legions die,  
Casts not a more impatient glance,  
To see the loitering aids advance.

Not more, the school-boy that expires  
Far from his native home, requires  
To see some friend's familiar face,  
Or meet a parent's last embrace——

She comes—but ah! what crouds of beaux  
In radiant bands my fair enclose;  
Oh! better hadst thou shun'd the green,  
Oh DELIA! better far unseen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,  
 By all my sighs, by all my tears,  
 I might from torture now be free——  
 'Tis more than death to part from thee!]

## S O N G      V.      1744.

**P**ERHAPS it is not love, said I,  
     That melts my soul when FLAVIA's nigh;  
 Where wit and sense like her's agree,  
 One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind,  
 It needs no lover's eye to find;  
 The hermit freezing in his cell,  
 Might wish the gentle FLAVIA well.

It is not love—averse to bear  
 The servile chain that lovers wear;  
 Let, let me all my fears remove,  
 My doubts dispel——It is not love——

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine  
 In any form less fair than thine?  
 It is——it is love's subtle fire,  
 And under friendship lurks desire.

S O N G VI.

The SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

**B**Y the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,  
Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd  
the rill;

I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,  
Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,  
And DELIA's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my tongue:  
But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,  
I should wish, unawares, that my DELIA might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,  
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd!  
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,  
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

So long as of nature the charms I pursue,  
I still must my DELIA's dear image renew:  
The graces have yielded with DELIA to rove,  
And the muses are all in alliance with love.

M P O E M S O F

S O N G VII.

Written in a Collection of BACCHANALIAN  
SONGS.

A DIEU, ye jovial youths, who join  
To plunge old Care in floods of wine;  
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,  
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,  
Not yet is thought so tedious grown,  
But limpid stream and shady tree  
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, thro' yonder silent grove,  
See yonder does my DAPHNE rove :  
With pride her foot-steps I pursue,  
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,  
Is that my DAPHNE's eyes inspire :  
I scorn the madness you approve,  
And value reason next to love.

## S O N G    VIII.

Imitated from the FRENCH.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd,  
 But short was her sway for so lovely a maid!  
 In the bloom of her youth to a cloyster she run;  
 In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun!  
 Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove  
 So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs and the plains;  
 Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains;  
 How many soft moments I spent in this grove!  
 How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love!  
 Be still tho', my heart, thine emotion give o'er;  
 Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs,  
 Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs!  
 Then breathless with ardour my fair-one pursu'd,  
 And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd!  
 But be still, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er!  
 Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more.

## V E R S E S

T O

WILLIAM LYTTLETON, Esq;

Written towards the close of the year 1748.

HOW blithely pass'd the summer's day !  
 How bright was every flow'r !  
 While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,  
 To visit DAMON's bow'r !

But now, with silent step, I range  
 Along some lonely shore ;  
 And DAMON's bow'r, alas the change !  
 Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne,  
 In quest of joy, they steer ;  
 Whilst I, alas ! am left forlorn,  
 To weep the parting year !

O pensive Autumn ! how I grieve  
 Thy sorrowing face to see !  
 When languid suns are taking leave  
 Of every drooping tree.

Ah, let me not, with heavy eye,  
 This dying scene survey !  
 Haste, winter, haste ; usurp the sky ;  
 Complete my bow'r's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley cast  
 Yon sickening leaves retain ;  
 That speak at once of pleasure past,  
 And bode approaching pain.

At home unblest, I gaze around,  
 My distant scenes require ;  
 Where all in murky vapours drown'd  
 Are hamlet, hill, and spire.

Tho' THOMSON, sweet descriptive bard !  
 Inspiring Autumn sung ;  
 Yet how should we the months regard,  
 That stopp'd his flowing tongue ?

Ah, luckless months, of all the rest,  
 To whose hard share it fell !  
 For sure he was the gentlest breast  
 That ever sung so well.

And see, the swallows now disown  
 The roofs they lov'd before ;  
 Each, like his tuneful genius, flown  
 To glad some happier shore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,  
 The sportsman's frantic deed ;

While hounds and horns and yells unite  
To drown the muse's reed.

Ye fields, with blighted herbage brown,  
Ye skies no longer blue !  
Too much we feel from fortune's frown,  
To bear these frowns from you.

Where is the mead's un sullied green ?  
The zephyr's balmy gale ?  
And where sweet friendship's cordial mien,  
That brighten'd every vale ?

What tho' the vine disclose her dyes,  
And boast her purple store ?  
Not all the vineyard's rich supplies  
Can soothe our sorrows more.

He ! he is gone, whose moral strain  
Could wit and mirth refine ;  
He ! he is gone, whose social vein  
Surpass'd the power of wine.

Fast by the streams he deign'd to praise,  
In yon sequester'd grove,  
To him a votive urn I raise ;  
To him, and friendly love.

Yes, there, my friend ! forlorn and sad,  
I grave your THOMSON's name ;  
And there, his lyre ; which fate forbad  
To found your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount  
Dark themes of hopeless woe;  
And faster than the dropping fount,  
I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn, green,  
Shall shade the hallow'd ground;  
And Spring will there again be seen,  
To call forth flow'rs around.

But no kind suns will bid me share,  
Once more, his social hour;  
Ah Spring! thou never canst repair  
This loss, to DAMON's bow'r.

## B A L L A D S.

## I.

A PASTORAL BALLAD, in Four Parts.

Written 1743.

*Arbuta humileſque myrica.*

VIRG.

## I. A B S E N C E.

Y<sup>E</sup> ſhepherds ſo cheerful and gay,  
 Whoſe flocks never careleſſly roam;  
 Should CORYDON's happen to ſtray,  
 Oh! call the poor wanderers home.  
 Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,  
 Nor talk of the change that ye find;  
 None once was ſo watchful as I;  
 —I have left my dear PHYLLIS behind.

Now I know what it is, to have ſtrove  
 With the torture of doubt and deſire;  
 What it is, to admire and to love,  
 And to leave her we love and admire.  
 Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,  
 And the damps of each ev'ning repel;  
 Alas! I am faint and forlorn:  
 —I have bade my dear PHYLLIS farewell.

Since PHYLIS vouchsaf'd me a look,  
 I never once dreamt of my vine;  
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,  
 If I knew of a kid that was mine.  
 I priz'd every hour that went by,  
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;  
 But now they are past, and I sigh;  
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?  
 Why wander thus pensively here?  
 Oh! why did I come from the plain,  
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?  
 They tell me, my favourite maid,  
 The pride of that valley, is flown;  
 Alas! where with her I have stray'd,  
 I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,  
 What anguish I felt at my heart!  
 Yet I thought—but it might not be so—  
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.  
 She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;  
 My path I could hardly discern;  
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
 I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day  
 To visit some far-distant shrine,  
 If he bear but a relique away,  
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.

Thus widely remov'd from the fair,  
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,  
Soft hope is the relique I bear,  
And my solace wherever I go.

## II. H O P E.

**M**Y banks they are furnish'd with bees,  
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;  
My grottos are shaded with trees,  
And my hills are white-over with sheep.  
I seldom have met with a loss,  
Such health do my fountains bestow;  
My fountains all border'd with moss,  
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,  
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:  
Not a beech's more beautiful green,  
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.  
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,  
More charms than my cattle unfold;  
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire  
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;  
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
But I hasted and plant'd it there.

O how sudden the jessamine strove  
 With the lilac to render it gay !  
 Already it calls for my love,  
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,  
 What strains of wild melody flow !  
 How the nightingales warble their loves  
 From thickets of roses that blow !  
 And when her bright form shall appear,  
 Each bird shall harmoniously join  
 In a concert so soft and so clear,  
 As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair ;  
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed :  
 But let me that plunder forbear,  
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.  
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,  
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young :  
 And I lov'd her the more, when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold  
 How that pity was due to—a dove :  
 That it ever attended the bold ;  
 And she call'd it the sister of love.  
 But her words such a pleasure convey,  
 So much I her accents adore,  
 Let her speak, and whatever she say,  
 Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle, remain  
 Unmov'd, when her CORYDON sighs ?  
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,  
 These plains and this valley despise ?  
 Dear regions of silence and shade !  
 Soft scenes of contentment and ease !  
 Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,  
 If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my PHYLIDA stray ?  
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs ?  
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,  
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?  
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
 And the face of the valleys as fine ;  
 The swains may in manners compare,  
 But their love is not equal to mine.

### III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove ?  
 Why term it a folly to grieve ?  
 Ere I shew you the charms of my love,  
 She is fairer than you can believe.  
 With her mien she enamours the brave ;  
 With her wit she engages the free ;  
 With her modesty pleases the grave ;  
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,  
Come and join in my amorous lays;  
I could lay down my life for the swain,  
That will sing but a song in her praise.  
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town  
Come trooping, and listen the while;  
Nay, on him let not PHYLLIDA frown;  
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when PARIDEL tries in the dance  
Any favour with PHYLLIS to find,  
O how, with one trivial glance,  
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!  
In ringlets he dresses his hair,  
And his crook is bestudded around;  
And his pipe—oh! may PHYLLIS beware  
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;  
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,  
“How her face is as bright as the snow,  
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold;  
How the nightingales labour the strain,  
With the notes of his charmer to vie;  
How they vary their accents in vain,  
Repine at her triumphs, and die.”

To the grove or the garden he strays,  
And pillages every sweet;  
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,  
He throws it at PHYLLIS's feet.

" O PHYLLIS, he whispers, more fair,  
 More sweet than the jessamin's flow'r !  
 What are pinks, in a morn, to compare ?  
 What is eglantine, after a show'r ?

Then the lily no longer is white ;  
 Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom ;  
 Then the violets die with despight,  
 And the woodbines give up their perfume."  
 Thus glide the soft numbers along,  
 And he fancies no shepherd his peer ;  
 —Yet I never should envy the song,  
 Were not PHYLLIS to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,  
 So PHYLLIS the trophy despise :  
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,  
 So they shine not in PHYLLIS's eyes.  
 The language that flows from the heart  
 Is a stranger to PARIDEL's tongue ;  
 —Yet may she beware of his art,  
 Or sure I must envy the song.

#### IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,  
 And take no more heed of my sheep :  
 They have nothing to do but to stray ;  
 I have nothing to do but to weep.

Yet do not my folly reprove ;  
She was fair—and my passion begun ;  
She smil'd—and I could not but love ;  
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought :  
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,  
That a nymph so complete would be sought  
By a swain more engaging than me.  
Ah ! love ev'ry hope can inspire ;  
It banishes wisdom the while ;  
And the lip of the nymph we admire  
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone :  
Ye that witness the woes I endure ;  
Let reason instruct you to shun  
What it cannot instruct you to cure.  
Beware how you loiter in vain  
Amid nymphs of an higher degree :  
It is not for me to explain  
How fair, and how fickle they be.

Alas ! from the day that we met,  
What hope of an end to my woes ?  
When I cannot endure to forget  
The glance that undid my repose.  
Yet time may diminish the pain :  
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,  
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,  
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,  
The sound of a murmuring stream,  
The peace which from solitude flows,  
Henceforth shall be CORYDON's theme.  
High transports are shewn to the sight,  
But we are not to find them our own;  
Fate never bestow'd such delight,  
As I with my PHYLLIS had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;  
To your deepest recesses I fly;  
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;  
I would vanish from every eye.  
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove  
With the same sad complaint it begun;  
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;  
Was faithless, and I am undone!

II.

J E M M Y   D A W S O N .

A   B A L L A D .

Written about the time of his execution in the year 1745.

C O M E, listen to my mournful tale,  
     Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;  
 Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,  
     Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear K I T T Y, peerless maid,  
     Do thou a pensive ear incline;  
 For thou canst weep at every woe;  
     And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young D A W S O N was a gallant boy,  
     A brighter never trod the plain;  
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,  
     And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear;  
     Of gentle blood the damsel came;  
 And faultless was her beauteous form,  
     And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,  
That led the favour'd youth astray ;  
The day the rebel clans appear'd,  
O had he never seen that day !

Their colours, and their sash he wore,  
And in the fatal dress was found ;  
And now he must that death endure,  
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,  
When JEMMY's sentence reach'd her ear !  
For never yet did Alpine snows  
So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice, she weeping said,  
Oh DAWSON, monarch of my heart ;  
Think not thy death shall end our loves,  
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,  
And bring relief to JEMMY's woes ;  
O GEORGE, without a pray'r for thee,  
My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gave him life,  
Would crown a never-dying flame ;  
And every tender babe I bore  
Should learn to list the giver's name.

But tho' he should be dragg'd in scorn  
To yonder ignominious tree ;

He shall not want one constant friend  
To share the cruel fates' decree.

O then her mourning coach was call'd,  
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;  
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,  
She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view  
The terrible behests of law;  
And the last scene of JEMMY'S woes,  
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,  
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;  
And stifled was that tuneful breath,  
Which in her praise had sweetly sung :

And fever'd was that beauteous neck,  
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;  
And mangled was that beauteous breast,  
On which her love-sick head repos'd :

And ravish'd was that constant heart,  
She did to ev'ry heart prefer;  
For tho' it could its king forget,  
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,  
She bore this constant heart to see;  
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,  
Yet, yet, she cry'd, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can shew  
The pure, the lasting love I bore;  
Accept, O heaven! of woes like ours,  
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,  
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;  
The maid drew back her languid head,  
And, sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,  
The tear my KITTY sheds, is due;  
For feldom shall she hear a tale  
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

III.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH:

A Ballad, alluding to a story recorded of her,  
when she was prisoner at **WOODSTOCK**,  
1554.

**W**ILL you hear how once repining  
Great ELIZA captive lay?  
Each ambitious thought resigning,  
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway?

While the nymphs and swains delighted  
Tript around in all their pride;  
Envyng joys by others slighted,  
Thus the royal maiden cry'd.

“ Bred on plains, or born in vallies,  
Who would bid those scenes adieu?  
Stranger to the arts of malice,  
Who would ever courts pursue?

Malice never taught to treasure,  
Censure never taught to bear:  
Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;  
Love is all the damsel's care.

How can they of humble station  
Vainly blame the pow'rs above?

Or accuse the dispensation  
Which allows them all to love?

Love like air is widely given;  
Pow'r nor chance can these restrain;  
Truest, noblest gifts of heaven!  
Only purest on the plain!

Peers can no such charms discover,  
All in stars and garters drest,  
As, on Sundays, does the lover  
With his nose-gay on his breast.

Pinks and roses in profusion,  
Said to fade when CHLOE's near;  
Fops may use the same allusion;  
But the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid singing  
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail;  
Cowslips all around her springing  
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden  
Move so sprightly, look so fair;  
Never breast with jewels laden  
Pour a song so void of care.

Would indulgent heav'n had granted  
Me some rural damsel's part!  
All the empire I had wanted  
Then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,  
Free from fetters, might I rove;  
Fearless taste the crystal fountains;  
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving;  
Partial to my virgin bloom;  
None had envy'd me when living;  
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

## IV.

## N A N C Y of the V A L E.

## A B A L L A D.

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ!  
Candidior cygnis! heredâ formosior albâ!

THE western sky was purpled o'er  
With every pleasing ray:  
And flocks reviving felt no more  
The sultry heats of day:

When from an hazle's artless bower  
Soft warbled STREPHON's tongue;  
He blest the scene, he blest the hour,  
While NANCY's praise he sung.

" Let fops with fickle falshood range  
The paths of wanton love,  
While weeping maids lament their change,  
And sadden every grove:

But endless blessings crown the day  
I saw fair ESHAM's dale!  
And every blessing finds its way  
To NANCY of the Vale.

'Twas from AVONA's banks the maid  
Diffus'd her lovely beams;  
And every shining glance display'd  
The naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,  
That float on AVON's tide;  
Bright as the water-lily, sprung,  
And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom:  
Her eye, all mild to view;  
The little halcyon's azure plume  
Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,  
So taper, strait, and fair;  
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,  
How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding Vale retir'd,  
This peerless bud I found;  
And shadowing rocks, and woods conspir'd  
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell  
Should form a nymph so sweet!  
Or fortune to her secret cell  
Conduct my wandering feet!

Gay lordlings fought her for their bride,  
But she would ne'er incline:

" Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,  
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis STREPHON, on the mountain's brow,  
Has won my right good-will ;  
To him I gave my plighted vow,  
With him I'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,  
I clasp'd the constant fair ;  
To her alone I gave my youth,  
And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,  
Or I those charms forego ;  
The stream that saw our tender love,  
That stream shall cease to flow."

THE  
SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

In Imitation of SPENSER.

—Auditæ voces, vagitus & ingens,  
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo. VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the Author's imitation on *this occasion*, are his *language*, his *simplicity*, his manner of *description*, and a peculiar *tendernefs* of *sentiment* remarkable throughout his works.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,  
To think how modest worth neglected lies;  
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn  
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;  
Deeds of ill fort, and mischievous emprise:  
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try  
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies;  
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,  
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,  
 Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,  
 There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,  
 A matron old, whom we school-mistress name;  
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;  
 They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,  
 Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame;  
 And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,  
 For unkempt hair, or talk unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,  
 Which learning near her little dome did stowe;  
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,  
 Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow;  
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe;  
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,  
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;  
 And as they look'd they found their horror grew,  
 And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive,)  
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;  
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,  
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;  
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;  
 Sad Servitude! such comfortless annoy  
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!  
 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,  
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,  
 On which the tribe their gambles do display;  
 And at the door impris'ning board is seen,  
 Left weakly wights of smaller size should stray;

Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!  
 'The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,  
 Do learning's little tenement betray;  
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,  
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield:  
 Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,  
 As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:  
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield  
 'Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,  
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;  
 And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,  
 And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,  
 The childish faces of old Eol's train;  
 LIBS, NOTUS, AUSTER: these in frowns array'd,  
 How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,  
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?  
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,  
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,  
 The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,  
 Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;  
 A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;  
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;  
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!  
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;  
 And, sooth, to say, her pupils, rang'd around,  
 Thro' pious awe, did term it passing rare;

For they in gaping wonderment abound,  
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on  
 ground.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,  
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;  
 Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,  
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;  
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:  
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,  
 Who should not honour'd eld with these revere:  
 For never title yet so mean could prove,  
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame;  
 Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,  
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;  
 Such favour did her past deportment claim:  
 And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground  
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;  
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,  
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak  
 That in her garden sip'd the silv'ry dew;  
 Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gawdy streak;  
 But herbs for use, and physick, not a few,  
 Of grey renown, within those borders grew:  
 The tufted basil, pan-provoking thyme,  
 Fresh baum, and mary-gold of chearful hue;  
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;  
 And more I fain would sing, disdain'g here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,  
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;  
 And pungent radish, biting infants tongue;  
 And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;  
 And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;  
 And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom  
 Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,  
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,  
 And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare per-  
 fume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd  
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;  
 Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found  
 A sacred shelter for its branches here;  
 Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.  
 Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!  
 Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere:  
 Simplicity then sought this humble cell,  
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent eve,  
 Hymned such psalms as STERNHOLD forth did mete,  
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,  
 But in her garden found a summer seat:  
 Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat  
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,  
 While taunting foe-men did a song intreat,  
 All, for the nonce, untuning ev'ry string,  
 Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,  
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;

And, in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore  
 The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed;  
 And tortious death was true devotion's mead;  
 And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,  
 That nould on wooden image place her creed;  
 And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn:  
 Ah! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er re-  
 turn.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem  
 By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,  
 In which, when he receives his diadem,  
 Our sov'reign prince and liefeft liege is plac'd,  
 The matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd,  
 (The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)  
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;  
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,  
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,  
 To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;  
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,  
 And some entice with pittance small of praise;  
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:  
 Ev'n absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,  
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;  
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,  
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!  
 Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;  
 Their books of stature small they take in hand,  
 Which with pellucid horn secured are;

To save from finger wet the letters fair :  
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,  
St. GEORGE's high atchievements does declare;  
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,  
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween !

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam  
Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write !  
As erst the \* bard by MULLA's silver stream,  
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,  
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.  
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin  
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !  
And down they drop ; appears his dainty skin,  
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene ! when from a nook obscure,  
His little sister doth his peril see :  
All playful as she fate, she grows demure ;  
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;  
She meditates a pray'r to set him free :  
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,  
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)  
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,  
And wrings her so that all for pity she could dye.

No longer can she now her shrieks command ;  
And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,  
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,  
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.

\* SPENSER.

On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!  
 (Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)  
 She sees no kind domestic visage near,  
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;  
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?  
 Or what device his loud laments explain?  
 The form uncouth of his disguised face?  
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?  
 The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain?  
 When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,  
 He hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;  
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,  
 And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stroke pro-  
 claim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,  
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care:  
 By turns, astoni'd, ev'ry twig survey,  
 And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware;  
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;  
 'Till fear has taught them a performance meet,  
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair;  
 Whence oft with sugar'd cakes she doth 'em greet,  
 And ginger-bread y-rare; now, certes, doubly sweet!

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,  
 And in befeemly order sitten there;  
 All but the wight of bum y-galled, he,  
 Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm, and chair;  
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;)

And eke with sobs profound, and heaving breast,  
 Convulsions intermitting! does declare  
 His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust behest;  
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be care's'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,  
 His blooming face that seems a purple flow'r,  
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,  
 All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r.  
 O the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r!  
 All, all, but she, the author of his shame,  
 All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:  
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r, shall claim,  
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,  
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;  
 Ne for his fellow's joyaunce careth aught,  
 But to the wind all merriment resigns;  
 And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines;  
 And many a fullen look asfance is sent,  
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;  
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,  
 The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!  
 But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,  
 Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,  
 Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:  
 Ah! better far than all the muses' lyres,  
 All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat;  
 The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,

Like VERNON's patriot soul; more justly great  
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!  
Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show  
A little bench of heedless bishops here,  
And there a chancellor in embryo,  
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,  
As MILTON, SHAKESPEAR, names that ne'er shall dye!  
Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low,  
Nor weeting how the muse shou'd soar on high,  
Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who cens'ring the design,  
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,  
Shall DENNIS be! if rigid fates incline,  
And many an epic to his rage shall yield;  
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;  
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,  
As he who now with 'fdainful fury thrill'd  
Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,  
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is  
here?"

But now DAN PHOEBUS gains the middle sky,  
And liberty unbars her prison-door;  
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,  
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er  
With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar;  
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,  
Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!  
For well may freedom erst so dearly won,  
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,  
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs;  
 For when my bones in grass-green fods are laid;  
 For never may ye taste more careless hours  
 In knightly castles or in ladies bow'rs.  
 O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!  
 But most in courts where proud ambition tow'rs;  
 Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring  
 Beneath the pompous dome of kefar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!  
 These rudely carol most incondite lay;  
 Those saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer  
 Salute the stranger passing on his way;  
 Some builden fragile tenements of clay;  
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,  
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;  
 Thilk to the huxter's fav'ry cottage tend,  
 In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,  
 Each season's stores in order ranged been;  
 Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,  
 Galling full fore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen;  
 And goose-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or green;  
 And here of lovely dye, the cath'rine pear,  
 Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:  
 O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,  
 Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,  
 With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,

Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,  
 With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside;  
 And must be bought, tho' penury betide.  
 The plumb all azure, and the nut all brown,  
 And here each season, do those cakes abide,  
 Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,  
 Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises known. \*

Admir'd SALOPIA ! that with venial pride  
 Eyes her bright form in SEVERN's ambient wave,  
 Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,  
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave :  
 Ah ! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,  
 Whose art did first these dulcet cates display !  
 A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,  
 Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray ;  
 'Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

\* SHREWSBURY cakes.

W. SHENSTONE, Esq; 81

V E R S E S

Written at an Inn at HENLEY.

**T**O thee, fair freedom! I retire  
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;  
Nor art thou found in mansions higher  
Than the low cot, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless pow'r, I reign;  
And every health which I begin,  
'Converts dull port to bright champaign;  
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!  
I fly from falsehood's specious grin!  
Freedom I love, and form I hate,  
And chuse my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,  
Which lacqueys else might hope to win;  
It buys, what courts have not in store;  
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome, at an inn.

## I.

## I N S C R I P T I O N.

(Beside a small ROOT-HOUSE.)

**H**ERE in a cool grot and mossy cell,  
We rural fays and fairies dwell;  
Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,  
When the pale moon ascending high,  
Darts thro' yon limes her quivering beams,  
We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams reflected from the wave,  
Afford the light our revels crave;  
The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,  
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;  
Nor yet for artful strains we call,  
But listen to the water's fall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,  
Be sure your bosoms be serene;  
Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,  
Devoid of all that poisons life:  
And much it 'vails you in their place,  
'To graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe these favour'd bowers,  
Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers;  
So may your path with sweets abound!  
So may your couch with rest be crown'd!  
But harm betide the wayward swain,  
Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane!

## II.

## I N S C R I P T I O N.

O Let me haunt this peaceful shade;  
Nor let ambition e'er invade  
The tenants of this leafy bower  
That shun her paths, and slight her power.

Hither the peaceful halcyon flies  
From social meads, and open skies;  
Pleas'd by this rill her course to steer,  
And hide her sapphire plumage here.

The trout bedropt with crimson stains,  
Forfakes the river's proud domains;  
Forfakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,  
To lurk within this humble stream.

And sure I hear the Naiad say,  
" Flow, flow, my stream, this devious way,  
" Tho' lovely soft thy murmurs are,  
" Thy waters lovely cool and fair.

" Flow, gentle stream, nor let the vain  
" Thy small unfully'd stores disdain:  
" Nor let the pensive sage repine,  
" Whose latent course resembles thine."

## III.

## INSCRIPTION

TO

V E N U S.

——“ Semi-reducta Venus.”

TO Venus, Venus here retir'd,  
 My sober vows I pay:  
 Not her on Paphian plains admir'd,  
 The bold, the pert, the gay.

Not her, whose amorous leer prevail'd  
 To bribe the Phrygian boy;  
 Not her, who, clad in armour, fail'd  
 To save disastrous Troy.

Fresh rising from the foamy tide,  
 She every bosom warms;  
 While half-withdrawn she seems to hide,  
 And half-reveals her charms.

Learn hence, ye boastful sons of taste,  
 Who plan the rural shade;  
 Learn hence to shun the vicious waste  
 Of pomp, at large display'd.

Let sweet concealment's magic art  
Your mazy bounds invest;  
And while the sight unveils a part,  
Let fancy paint the rest.

Let coy reserve with cost upite;  
To grace your wood or field;  
No ray obtrusive pall the sight,  
In aught you paint or build.

And far be driven the sumptuous glare  
Of gold, from British groves;  
And far the meretricious air  
Of China's vain alcoves.

'Tis bashful beauty ever twines  
The most coercive chain;  
'Tis she, that sovereign rule declines,  
Who best deserves to reign.

## IV.

## I N S C R I P T I O N

O N A

## G O T H I C A L C O V E .

O You that bathe in courtly blyffe,  
 Or toyle in fortune's giddy spheare;  
 Do not too rashly deeme amyffe  
 Of him, that bydes contented here.

Nor yet disdeigne the russet stoale,  
 Which o'er each carelesse lymbe he flyngs:  
 Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,  
 In which he quaffs the lympid springs.

Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,  
 Devoide of worldlye carke he straye:  
 Or all beside some flowerye lawne,  
 He waste his inoffensive daye.

So may he pardonne fraud and strife,  
 If such in courtlye haunt he see:  
 For faults there beene in busye life,  
 From which these peaceful glennes are free.

## V.

## I N S C R I P T I O N

## O N A

## S H E E P - C O T.

SHEPHERD, would'st thou here obtain  
Pleasure unalloy'd with pain?  
Joy that suits the rural sphere?  
Gentle shepherd, lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delight,  
Verdant vales and fountains bright;  
Trees that nod on sloping hills,  
Caves that echo tinkling rills.

If thou canst no charm disclose  
In the simplest bud that blows;  
Go, forsake thy plain and fold,  
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy;  
Banish each tumultuous joy:  
All but love—for love inspires  
Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine—  
Yet ere thou the reins resign,

Hear what reason seems to say,  
Hear attentive, and obey.

" Crimson leaves the rose adorn,  
" But beneath 'em lurks a thorn;  
" Fair and flowery is the brake,  
" Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

" Think not she whose empty pride  
" Dares the fleecy garb deride,  
" 'Think not she, who, light and vain,  
" Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.

" Artless deed and simple dress,  
" Mark the chosen shepherdes;  
" Thoughts by decency control'd,  
" Well conceiv'd, and freely told.

" Sense that shuns each conscious air,  
" Wit that falls ere well aware;  
" Generous pity prone to sigh  
" If her kid or lambkin die.

" Let not lucre, let not pride  
" Draw thee from such charms aside;  
" Have not those their proper sphere?  
" Gentler passions triumph here.

" See, to sweeten thy repose,  
" The blossom buds, the fountain flows;  
" Lo! to crown thy healthful board,  
" All that milk and fruits afford.

- " Seek no more—the rest is vain ;
- " Pleasure ending soon in pain :
- " Anguish lightly gilded o'er :
- " Close thy wish, and seek no more."

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T H O U G H T S



V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S.

ST HUGH'S



ST HUGH'S

# R E S E R V E

## A F R A G M E N T.

TAKING an evening's walk with a friend in the country, among many grave remarks, he was making the following observation. There is not, says he, any one quality so inconsistent with respect, as what is commonly called familiarity. You do not find one in fifty whose regard is proof against it. At the same time, it is hardly possible to insist upon such a deference as will render you ridiculous, if it be supported by common sense. Thus much at least is evident, that your demands will be so successful, as to procure a greater share than if you had made no such demand. I may frankly own to you, Leander, that I frequently derived uneasiness from a familiarity with such persons as despised every thing they could obtain with ease. Were it not better, therefore, to be somewhat frugal of our affability, at least, to allot it only to the few persons of discernment who can make the proper distinction betwixt real dignity and pretended: To neglect those characters, which, being impatient to grow familiar, are at the same time very far from familiarity-proof: To have posthumous fame in view, which affords us the most pleasing landkip: To enjoy

the amusement of reading, and the consciousness that reading paves the way to general esteem : To preserve a constant regularity of temper, and also of constitution, for the most part but little consistent with a promiscuous intercourse with men : To shun all illiterate, though ever so jovial assemblies; insipid, perhaps, when present, and, upon reflection, painful : To meditate on those absent or departed friends, who value, or valued us for those qualities with which they were best acquainted : To partake with such a friend as you, the delights of a studious and rational retirement.——Are not those the paths that lead to happiness?

IN answer to this (for he seemed to feel some late mortification) I observed, that what we lost by familiarity in respect, was generally made up to us by the affection it procured; and that an absolute solitude was so very contrary to our natures, that, were he excluded from society, but for a single fortnight, he would be exhilarated at the sight of the first beggar that he saw.

WHAT follows, were thoughts thrown out in our further discourse upon the subject; without order or connection, as they occur to my remembrance.

SOME reserve is a debt to prudence; as freedom and simplicity of conversation, is a debt to good-nature.

THERE would not be any absolute necessity for reserve, if the world were honest : Yet, even then, it would prove expedient : For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it seems necessary that people should

imagine you have more accomplishments than you discover.

It is on this depends one of the excellencies of the judicious Virgil. He leaves you something ever to imagine; and, such is the constitution of the human mind, that we think so highly of nothing, as of that whereof we do not see the bounds. This, as Mr. Burke ingeniously observes, affords the pleasure when we survey a cylinder. \* And Sir John Suckling says,

They who know all the wealth they have, are  
poor;

He's only rich who cannot tell his store.

A PERSON that would secure to himself great deference, will, perhaps, gain his point by silence, as effectually as by any thing he can say.

To be, however, a niggard of one's observations, is so much worse than to hoard up one's money, as the former may be both imparted and retained at the same time.

MEN oftentimes pretend to proportion their respect to real desert; but a supercilious reserve and distance wearies them into a compliance with more. This appears so very manifest to many persons of the lofty character, that they use no better means to acquire respect, than, like highwaymen, to make a demand of

\* Treatise of the sublime and beautiful.

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it. They will, like Empedocles, jump into the fire, rather than betray the mortal part of their character.

It is from the same principle of distance that nations are brought to believe that their great duke knoweth all things, as is the case in some countries.

Men, while no human form or fault they see,  
Excuse the want of even humanity;  
And eastern kings, who vulgar view disdain,  
Require no worth to fix their awful reign.  
You cannot say in truth what may disgrace 'em,  
You know in what predicament to place 'em.  
Alas! in all the glare of light reveal'd,  
Even virtue charms us less than vice conceal'd!

For some small worth he had, the man was priz'd,  
He added frankness—and he grew despis'd.

We want comets, not ordinary planets:  
“Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum.”

TERENCE.

Hunc cœlum, et stellas, et decedentia cœtis  
Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nullâ  
imbuti spectent.

VIRTUES, like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensitive plants, which will not bear too familiar approaches.

LET us be careful to distinguish modesty, which is ever amiable, from reserve, which is only prudent. A

man is hated sometimes for pride, when it was an excess of humility gave the occasion.

WHAT is often termed shyness, is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

THE reserved man's intimate acquaintance, are, for the most part, fonder of him, than the persons of a more affable character, *i. e.* he pays them a greater compliment, than the other can do his, as he distinguishes them more.

IT is indolence, and the pain of being upon one's guard, that makes one hate an artful character.

THE most reserved of men, that will not exchange two syllables together in an English coffee-house, should they meet at Ispahan, would drink sherbet, and eat a mess of rice together.

THE man of shew is vain: the reserved man is proud more properly. The one has greater depth, the other a more lively imagination—The one is more frequently respected, the other more generally beloved. The one a Cato: the other a Cæsar. Vide Sallust.

WHAT Cæsar said of *rubicundos amo; pallidos timeo;* may be applied to familiarity, and to reserve.

A RESERVED man often makes it a rule to leave company with a good speech; and, I believe, sometimes

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proceeds so far as to leave company, because he has made one. Yet it is his fate often, like the mole, to imagine himself deep when he is near the surface.

WERE it prudent to decline this reserve, and this horror of disclosing foibles; to give up a part of character to secure the rest:—The world will certainly insist upon having some part to pull to pieces. Let us throw out some follies to the envious: as we give up counters to an highwayman, or a barrel to a whale, in order to save one's money and one's ship: to let it make exceptions to one's head of hair, if one can escape being stabbed in the heart.

The reserved man should drink double glasses.

PRUDENT men lock up their motives, letting familiars have a key to their heart, or to their garden.

A RESERVED man is in continual conflict with the social part of his nature; and even grudges himself the laugh into which he sometimes is betrayed.

“ Seldom he smiles——

“ And smiles in such a sort as he disdained

“ Himself—that could be moved to smile at any thing——

“ A FOOL and his words are soon parted;” for so should the proverb run.

COMMON understandings, like cits in gardening, allow no shades to their picture.

MODESTY often passes for errant haughtiness; as, what is deemed spirit in an horse, proceeds from fear.

THE higher character a person supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

THE reserved man should bring a certificate of his honesty, before he be admitted into company.

RESERVE is no more essentially connected with understanding, than a church-organ with devotion, or wine with good nature \*.

\* These were no other than a collection of hints, when I proposed to write a poetical essay on Reserve.

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## C H A R A C T E R.

“ *Animæ nil magnæ laudis egentes.*”

**T**HERE is an order of persons in the world, whose thoughts never deviate from the common road ; whatever events occur, whatever objects present themselves, their observations are as uniform, as though they were the consequence of instinct. There is nothing places these men in a more insignificant point of light, than a comparison of their ideas with the refinements of some great genius. I shall only add, by way of reflection, that it is people of this stamp, that, together with the soundest health, often enjoy the greatest equanimity : their passions, like dull steeds, being the least apt to endanger, or misguide them : yet, such is the fatality ! men of genius are often expected to act with most discretion, on account of that very fancy which is their greatest impediment.

I WAS taking a view of Westminster-abbey, with an old gentleman of exceeding honesty, but the same degree of understanding, as that I have described.

THERE had nothing passed in our way thither, beside the customary salutations, and an endeavour to de-

side with accuracy upon the present temperature of the weather. On passing over the threshold, he observed, with an air of thoughtfulness, that it was a brave ancient place.

I TOLD him, I thought there was none more suitable, to moralize upon the futility of all earthly glory, as there was none which contained the ashes of men that had acquired a greater share of it. On this he gave a nod of approbation, but did not seem to comprehend me.

SILENCE ensued for many minutes; when, having had time to reflect upon the monuments of men famous in their generations, he stood collected in himself; assuring me, "there was no sort of excellence " could exempt a man from death."

I APPLAUDED the justice of his observation; and said, it was not only my present opinion, but had been so for a number of years. "Right," says he, "and " for my own part, I seldom love to publish my remarks upon a subject, till I have had them confirmed to me by a long course of experience."

THIS last maxim, somewhat beyond his usual depth, occasioned a silence of some few minutes. The spring had been too much bent to recover immediately its wonted vigour. We had taken some few turns up and down the left-hand ayle, when he caught sight of a monument somewhat larger than the rest, and more calculated to make impression upon an ordinary imagi-

mation. As I remember, it was raised to an ancestor of the D. of Newcastle. "Well," says he, with an air of cunning, "this is indeed a fine piece of workmanship; but I cannot conceive this finery is of any signification to the person buried there." I told him, I thought not; and that, under a notion of respect to the deceased, people were frequently imposed upon by their own pride and affectation.

We were now arrived at the monument of Sir George Chamberlain; where my friend had just persuaded enough to inform him that he was an eminent physician, when he broke out with precipitation, and as though some important discovery had struck his fancy on a sudden. I listened to him with attention, till I found him labouring to insinuate, that physicians themselves could not save their lives when their time was come.

He had not proceeded many steps from it, before he beckoned to our Cicerone. "Friend," says he, pointing with his cane, "how long has that gentleman been dead?" The man set him right in that particular; after which, putting on a woful countenance, "Well," says he, "to behold how fast time flies away! 'Tis but a small time to look back upon, since he and I met at the Devil\*." Alas," continued he, "we shall never do so again." Indulging myself with a pun that escaped me on a sudden, I told him I hoped not; and immediately took my leave.

\* A well-known tavern near Temple-bar.

THIS old gentleman, as I have since heard, passed his life chiefly in the country ; where it faintly participated either of pleasure or pain. His chief delights indeed were sensual, but those of the less vigorous kind, an afternoon's pipe, an evening walk, or a nap after dinner. His death, which happened, it seems, quickly after, was occasioned by an uniform application to Bostock's cordial, whatever his case required. Indeed, his discourse, when any complained of sickness, was a little exuberant in the praises of this noble cathartic. But his distemper proving of a nature to which this remedy was wholly foreign, as well as this precluding the use of a more effectual recipe, he expired, not without the character of a most considerate person. I find by one part of his will, he obliged his heir to consume a certain quantity of ale among his neighbours, on the day he was born ; and by another, left a ring of bells to the church adjoining to his garden. It looks as if the old gentleman had not only an aversion to much reflection in himself, but endeavoured to provide against it in succeeding generations.

I HAVE heard, that he sometimes boasted that he was a distant relation of Sir Roger de Coverly.

UNCONNECTED  
THOUGHTS  
ON  
GARDENING.

**G**ARDENING may be divided into three species——  
kitchen-gardening ---- parterre-gardening ---- and  
landkip, or picturesque-gardening; which latter is the  
subject intended in the following pages——It consists in  
pleasing the imagination by scenes of grandeur, beauty,  
or variety. Convenience merely has no share here; any  
further than as it pleases the imagination.

PERHAPS the division of the pleasures of imagination,  
according as they are struck by the great, the various,  
and the beautiful, may be accurate enough for my pre-  
sent purpose: why each of them affects us with plea-  
sure, may be traced in other authors. See Burke,  
Hutcheson, Gerard, the Theory of Agreeable Sen-  
sations, &c. \*

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\* Garden-scenes may perhaps be divided into the  
sublime, the beautiful, and the melancholy or pensive;  
to which last I know not but we may assign a middle

THERE seems, however, to be some objects which afford a pleasure not reducible to either of the foregoing heads. A ruin, for instance, may be neither new to us, nor majestic, nor beautiful, yet afford that pleasing melancholy which proceeds from a reflection on decayed magnificence. For this reason, an able gardener should avail himself of objects, perhaps, not very striking; if they serve to connect ideas that convey reflections of the pleasing kind.

OBJECTS should indeed be less calculated to strike the immediate eye, than the judgment or well-formed imagination; as in painting.

IT is no objection to the pleasure of novelty, that it makes an ugly object more disagreeable. It is enough that it produces a superiority betwixt things in other respects equal. It seems, on some occasions, to go even further. Are there not broken rocks and rugged grounds, to which we can hardly attribute either beauty or grandeur, and yet, when introduced near an extent of lawn, impart a pleasure equal to more shapely scenes? Thus, a series of lawn, though ever so beautiful, may satiate and cloy, unless the eye passes to them from wilder scenes; and then they acquire the grace of novelty.

VARIETY appears to me to derive good part of its effect from novelty; as the eye, passing from one form

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place betwixt the former two, as being in some sort composed of both. See Burke's sublime, &c.

or colour, to a form or colour of a different kind, finds a degree of novelty in its present object, which affords immediate satisfaction.

VARIETY, however, in some instances, may be carried to such excess, as to lose its whole effect. I have observed cielings so crammed with stucco-ornaments, that, although of the most different kinds, they have produced an uniformity. A sufficient quantity of undecorated space, is necessary to exhibit such decorations to advantage.

GROUND should first be considered with an eye to its peculiar character: whether it be the grand, the savage, the sprightly, the melancholy, the horrid, or the beautiful. As one or other of these characters prevail, one may somewhat strengthen its effect, by allowing every part some denomination, and then supporting its title by suitable appendages—For instance, the lover's walk may have assignation-seats, with proper mottos—urns to faithful lovers—trophies, garlands, &c. by means of art.

WHAT an advantage must some Italian seats derive from the circumstance of being situate on ground mentioned in the classics? And, even in England, wherever a park or garden happens to have been the scene of any event in history, one would surely avail one's self of that circumstance, to make it more interesting to the imagination. Mottos should allude to it; columns, &c. record it; verses moralize upon it; and curiosity receive its share of pleasure.

IN designing a house and gardens, it is happy when there is an opportunity of maintaining a subordination of parts; the house so luckily placed, as to exhibit a view of the whole design. I have sometimes thought that there was room for it to resemble an epic or dramatic poem. It is rather to be wished than required, that the more striking scenes may succeed those which are less so.

TASTE depends much upon temper. Some prefer Tibullus to Virgil, and Virgil to Homer—Hagley to Persfield, and Persfield to the Welsh mountains. This occasions the different preferences that are given to situations—A garden strikes us most, where the grand, and the pleasing succeed, not intermingle, with each other.

I BELIEVE, however, the sublime has generally a deeper effect than the merely beautiful.

I USE the words *landskip* and *prospect*, the former as expressive of home scenes, the latter of distant images. Prospects should take in the blue distant hills; but never so remotely, that they be not distinguishable from clouds. Yet this mere extent is what the vulgar value.

LANDSKIP should contain variety enough to form a picture upon canvas; and this is no bad test, as I think the *landskip* painter is the gardener's best designer. The eye requires a sort of balance here; but not so as to encroach upon probable nature. A wood,

or hill, may balance a house or obelisk; for exactness would be displeasing. We form our notions from what we have seen; and though, could we comprehend the universe, we might perhaps find it uniformly regular; yet the portions that we see of it, habituate our fancy to the contrary.

THE eye should always look rather down upon water; customary nature makes this requisite. I know nothing more sensibly displeasing than Mr. T——'s flat ground betwixt his terrace and his water.

It is not easy to account for the fondness of former times for strait-lined avenues to their houses; strait-lined walks through their woods; and, in short, every kind of strait-line; where the foot is to travel over, what the eye has done before. This circumstance is one objection. Another, somewhat of the same kind, is the repetition of the same object, tree after tree, for a length of way together. A third is, that this identity is purchased by the loss of that variety, which the natural country supplies every where, in a greater or less degree. To stand still and survey such avenues, may afford some slender satisfaction, through the change derived from perspective; but to move on continually, and find no change of scene in the least attendant on our change of place, must give actual pain to a person of taste. For such an one to be condemned to pass along the famous vista from \* Moscow to Petersburg, or that other from Agra to Lahor in India, must be

\* Montefquieu on Taste.

## 110 THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS:

as disagreeable a sentence, as to be condemned to labour at the galleys. I conceived some idea of the sensation he must feel, from walking but a few minutes, immured, betwixt Lord D—'s high-thorn yew hedges; which run exactly parallel, at the distance of about ten feet; and are contrived perfectly to exclude all kinds of objects whatsoever.

WHEN a building, or other object, has been once viewed from its proper point, the foot should never travel to it by the same path, which the eye has travelled over before. Lose the object, and draw nigh obliquely.

THE side trees in vistas should be so circumstanced, as to afford a probability that they grew by nature.

RUINATED structures appear to derive their power of pleasing, from the irregularity of surface; which is VARIETY; and the latitude they afford the imagination, to conceive an enlargement of their dimensions, or to recollect any events or circumstances appertaining to their pristine grandeur, so far as concerns grandeur and solemnity. The breaks in them should be as bold and abrupt as possible.—If mere beauty be aimed at (which however is not their chief excellence) the waving line, with more easy transitions, will become of greater importance.—Events relating to them may be simulated by numberless little artifices; but it is ever to be remembered, that high hills and sudden descents are most suitable to castles; and fertile vales, near woods and water, most imitative of the usual situation for ab-

beys and religious houses; large oaks, in particular, are essential to these latter.

Whose branching arms, and reverend height,  
Admit a dim religious light.

A cottage is a pleasing object, partly on account of the variety it may introduce; on account of the tranquillity that seems to reign there; and perhaps, (I am somewhat afraid) on account of the pride of human nature..

*Longe alterius spectare laborem.*

In a scene presented to the eye, objects should never lie so much to the right or left, as to give it any uneasiness in the examination. Sometimes, however, it may be better to admit valuable objects, even with this disadvantage. They should else never be seen beyond a certain angle. The eye must be easy, before it can be pleased.

No mere slope from one side to the other can be agreeable ground: the eye requires a balance—i. e. a degree of uniformity: but this may be otherwise effected, and the rule should be understood with some limitation.

—Each alley has its brother,  
And half the platform just reflects the other.

LET us examine what may be said in favour of that regularity which Mr. Pope exposes. Might he not

## 112 THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS:

Seemingly as well object to the disposition of an human face, because it has an eye or cheek, that is the very picture of its companion? Or does not Providence, who has observed this regularity in the external structure of our bodies, and disregarded it within, seem to consider it as a beauty? The arms, the limbs, and the several parts of them, correspond; but it is not the same case with the thorax and the abdomen. I believe one is generally solicitous for a kind of balance in a landscape, and, if I am not mistaken, the painters generally furnish one: a building, for instance, on one side, contrasted by a group of trees, a large oak, or a rising hill on the other. Whence then does this taste proceed, but from the love we bear to regularity in perfection? After all, in regard to gardens, the shape of ground, the disposition of trees, and the figure of water, must be sacred to nature; and no forms must be allowed that make a discovery of art.

ALL trees have a character analogous to that of men: oaks are in all respects the perfect image of the manly character: in former times I should have said, and in present times I think I am authorised to say, the British one. As a brave man is not suddenly either elated by prosperity, or depressed by adversity, so the oak displays not its verdure on the sun's first approach; nor drops it, on its first departure. Add to this its majestic appearance, the rough grandeur of its bark, and the wide projection of its branches.

A LARGE, branching, aged oak, is perhaps the most venerable of all inanimate objects.

URNS are more solemn, if large and plain; more beautiful, if less, and ornamented. Solemnity is perhaps their point, and the situation of them should still co-operate with it.

By the way, I wonder that lead statues are not more in vogue in our modern gardens. Though they may not express the finer lines of an human body, yet they seem perfectly well calculated, on account of their duration, to embellish landscapes, were they some degrees inferior to what we generally behold. A statue in a room challenges examination, and is to be examined critically as a statue. A statue in a garden is to be considered as one part of a scene or landscape; the minuter touches are no more essential to it, than a good landscape painter would esteem them, were he to represent a statue in his picture.

APPARENT art, in its proper province, is almost as important as apparent nature. They contrast agreeably; but their provinces ever should be kept distinct.

WHERE some artificial beauties are so dexterously managed, that one cannot but conceive them natural, some natural ones so extremely fortunate, that one is ready to swear they are artificial.

CONCERNING scenes, the more uncommon they appear, the better, provided they form a picture, and include nothing that pretends to be of nature's production, and is not. The shape of ground, the site of

#### III4 THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS:

trees, and the fall of water, nature's province. What-  
ever thwarts her, is treason.

ON the other hand, buildings, and the works of  
art, need have no other reference to nature than that  
they afford the εὐσεμνον with which the human mind  
is delighted.

ART should never be allowed to set a foot in the  
province of nature, otherwise than clandestinely, and  
by night. Whenever she is allowed to appear here, and  
men begin to compromise the difference—Night, go-  
thicism, confusion and absolute chaos are come again.

To see one's urns, obelisks, and waterfalls laid open;  
the nakedness of our beloved mistresses, the Naiads, and  
the Dryads, exposed by that ruffian winter to univer-  
sal observation; is a severity scarcely to be supported  
by the help of blazing hearths, chearful companions,  
and a bottle of the most grateful burgundy.

THE works of a person that builds, begin immedi-  
ately to decay; while those of him who plants begin  
directly to improve. In this, planting promises a more  
lasting pleasure, than building; which, were it to re-  
main in equal perfection, would at best begin to  
moulder and want repairs in imagination. Now trees  
have a circumstance that suits our taste, and that is  
annual variety. It is inconvenient indeed, if they  
cause our love of life to take root and flourish with  
them; whereas the very sameness of our structures

will, without the help of dilapidation, serve to wean us from our attachment to them.

It is a custom in some countries, to condemn the characters of those (after death) that have neither planted a tree, nor begot a child.

THE taste of the citizen and of the mere peasant are in all respects the same. The former gilds his balls; paints his stonework and statues white; plants his trees in lines or circles; cuts his yew-trees four-square or conic; or gives them what he can, of the resemblance of birds, or bears, or men; squirts up his rivulet in jetteaus; in short, admires no part of nature, but her ductility; exhibits every thing that is glaring, that implies expence, or that effects a surprise, because it is unnatural. The peasant is his admirer.

It is always to be remembered in gardening, that sublimity or magnificence, and beauty or variety, are very different things. Every scene we see in nature is either tame and insipid; or compounded of those. It often happens, that the same ground may receive from art, either certain degrees of sublimity and magnificence, or certain degrees of variety and beauty; or a mixture of each kind. In this case, it remains to be considered in which light they can be rendered most remarkable, whether as objects of beauty, or magnificence. Even the temper of the proprietor should not perhaps be wholly disregarded: for certain complexions of soul will prefer an orange tree or a myrtle, to an oak or a cedar. However, this should not induce a gar-

dener to parcel out a lawn into knots of shrubbery: or invest a mountain with a garb of roses. This would be like dressing a giant in a farcenet gown, or a Saracen's head in a Brussel's night-cap. Indeed, the small and circular lumps of firs, which I see planted upon some fine large swells, put me often in mind of a coronet placed on an elephant or camel's back. I say a gardener should not do this, any more than a poet should attempt to write of the king of Prussia in the style of Philips. On the other side, what would become of Lesbia's sparrow, should it be treated in the same language with the anger of Achilles?

GARDENERS may be divided into three sorts, the landskip gardener, the parterre gardener, and the kitchen gardener, agreeably to our first division of gardens.

I HAVE used the word landskip-gardeners; because, in pursuance of our present taste in gardening, every good painter of landskip appears to me the most proper designer. The misfortune of it, is, that these painters are apt to regard the execution of their work, much more than the choice of subject.

THE art of distancing and approximating, comes truly within their sphere: the former, by the gradual diminution of distinctness, and of size; the latter, by the reverse. A strait-lined avenue that is widened in front, and planted there with yew-trees, then firs, then with trees more and more sady, till they end in the almond willow, or silver osier; will produce a very remarkable deception of the former kind; which de-

ception will be increased, if the nearer dark trees, are proportionable and truly larger than those at the end of the avenue that are more fady.

To distance a building, plant, as near as you can to it, two or three circles of different coloured greens—Ever-greens are best for all such purposes—Suppose the outer one of holly, and the next of laurel, &c. The consequence will be, that the imagination immediately allows a space betwixt these circles, and another betwixt the house and them; and as the imagined space is indeterminate, if your building be dim-coloured, it will not appear inconsiderable. The imagination is a greater magnifier than a microscopic glass. And on this head, I have known some instances, where, by shewing intermediate ground, the distance has appeared less, than while a hedge or grove concealed it.

HEDGES, appearing as such, are universally bad. They discover art in nature's province.

TREES in hedges partake of their artificiality, and become a part of them. There is no more sudden and obvious improvement, than an hedge removed, and the trees remaining; yet not in such manner as to mark out the former hedge.

WATER should ever appear, as an irregular lake or winding stream.

ISLANDS give beauty, if the water be adequate; but lessen grandeur through variety.

It was the wise remark of some sagacious observer, that familiarity is for the most part productive of contempt. Graceless offspring of so amiable a parent! unfortunate beings that we are, whose enjoyments must be either checked, or prove destructive of themselves. Our passions are permitted to sip a little pleasure; but are extinguished by indulgence, like a lamp overwhelmed with oil. Hence we neglect the beauty with which we have been intimate; nor would any addition it could receive, prove an equivalent for the advantage it derived from the first impression. Thus negligent of graces that have the merit of reality, we too often prefer imaginary ones that have only the charm of novelty: and hence we may account, in general, for the preference of art to nature, in our old-fashioned gardens.

ART, indeed, is often requisite to collect and epitomize the beauties of nature; but should never be suffered to set her mark upon them: I mean in regard to those articles that are of nature's province; the shaping of ground, the planting of trees, and the disposition of lakes and rivulets. Many more particulars will soon occur, which, however, she is allowed to regulate; somewhat clandestinely, upon the following account—Man is not capable of comprehending the universe at one survey. Had he faculties equal to this, he might well be censured for any minute regulations of his own. It were the same, as if, in his present situation, he strove to find amusement in contriving the fabric of an ant's nest, or the partitions of a bee-hive. But we are placed in the corner of a sphere; endued neither with organs, nor allowed a station, proper to give

as an universal view; or to exhibit to us the variety, the orderly proportions, and dispositions of the system. We perceive many breaks and blemishes, several neglected and unvariegated places in the part; which, in the whole, would appear either imperceptible, or beautiful. And we might as rationally expect a snail to be satisfied with the beauty of our parterres, slopes, and terraces—or an ant to prefer our buildings to her own orderly range of granaries, as that man should be satisfied, without a single thought that he can improve the spot that falls to his share. But, though art be necessary for collecting nature's beauties, by what reason is she authorised to thwart and oppose her? Why fantastically endeavour to humanize those vegetables, of which nature, discreet nature, thought it proper to make trees? Why endow the vegetable bird with wings, which nature has made momentarily dependent upon the soil? Here art seems very affectedly to make a display of that industry, which it is her glory to conceal. The stone which represents an asterisk, is valued only on account of its natural production: nor do we view with pleasure the laboured carvings and futile diligence of Gothic artists. We view with much more satisfaction some plain Grecian fabric, where art, indeed, has been equally, but less visibly, industrious. It is thus we, indeed, admire the shining texture of the silk-worm; but we loathe the puny author, when she thinks proper to emerge; and to disgust us with appearance of so vile a grub.

BUT this is merely true, in regard to the particulars of nature's province; wherein art can only appear as

the most abject vassal, and had, therefore, better not appear at all. The case is different where she has the direction of buildings, useful or ornamental; or, perhaps, claim as much honour from temples, as the deities to whom they are inscribed. Here then it is her interest to be seen as much as possible: and, though nature appear doubly beautiful by the contrast her structures furnish, it is not easy for her to confer a benefit which nature, on her side, will not repay.

A RURAL scene to me is never perfect, without the addition of some kind of building: indeed I have known a scar of rock-work, in great measure, supply the deficiency.

IN gardening, it is no small point to enforce either grandeur or beauty by surprize; for instance, by abrupt transition from their contraries—but to lay a stress upon surprize only: for example, on the surprize occasioned by an aha! without including any nobler purpose; is a symptom of bad taste, and a violent fondness for mere conceit.

GRANDEUR and beauty are so very opposite, that you often diminish the one, as you increase the other. Variety is most akin to the latter, simplicity to the former.

SUPPOSE a large hill, varied by art, with large patches of different-coloured clumps, scars of rock, chalk quarries, villages, or farm-houses; you will have, per-

haps, a more beautiful scene, but much less grand than it was before.

IN many instances, it is most eligible to compound your scene of beauty and grandeur—Suppose a magnificent swell arising out of a well-variegated valley; it would be disadvantageous to increase its beauty, by means destructive to its magnificence.

THERE may possibly, but there seldom happens, any occasion to fill up valleys, with trees, or otherwise. It is, for the most part, the gardener's business to remove trees, or ought that fills up the low ground; and to give, as far as nature allows, an artificial eminence to the high.

THE hedge-row apple-trees in Herefordshire afford a most beautiful scenery at the time they are in blossom: but the prospect would be really grander, did it consist of simple foliage. For the same reason, a large oak (or beech) in autumn, is a grander object than the same in spring. The sprightly green is then obfuscated.

SMOOTHNESS and easy transitions are no small ingredient in the beautiful; abrupt and rectangular breaks have more of the nature of the sublime. Thus a tapering spire, is, perhaps, a more beautiful object than a tower, which is grander.

MANY of the different opinions relating to the preference to be given to seats, villas, &c. are owing to

want of distinction betwixt the beautiful and the magnificent. Both the former and the latter please: but there are imaginations particularly adapted to the one, and to the other.

MR. ADDISON thought an open uninclined champaign country, formed the best landscape. Somewhat here is to be considered. Large unvariegated, simple objects have the best pretensions to sublimity; a large mountain, whose sides are unvaried with objects, is grander than one with infinite variety: but then its beauty is proportionably less.

HOWEVER, I think a plain space near the eye gives it a kind of liberty it loves: and then the picture, whether you chuse the grand or beautiful, should be held up at its proper distance. Variety is the principal ingredient in beauty; and simplicity is essential to grandeur.

OFFENSIVE objects, at a proper distance, acquire even a degree of beauty: for instance, stubble, fallow ground—

ON  
WRITING  
AND  
BOOKS.

I.

THE chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in the natural manner; in word and phrase, simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers, but affectation, witticism, and conceit?

II.

PERHAPS an acquaintance with men of genius is rather reputable than satisfactory. It is as accountable, as it is certain, that fancy heightens sensibility; sensibility strengthens passion; and passion makes people humourists.

YET a person of genius is often expected to shew more discretion than another man; and this on account of that very vivacity, which is his greatest impediment. This happens for want of distinguishing betwixt the

fanciful talents, and the dry mathematical operations of the judgment, each of which indiscriminately give the denomination of a man of genius.

## III.

TULLY ever seemed an instance to me, how far a man devoid of courage, may be a spirited writer.

## IV.

Degere more feræ. Virg. Vanbrugh seems to have had this of Virgil in his eye, when he introduces Miss Hoyden, envying the liberty of a grey-hound bitch.

## V.

THERE is a certain flimziness of poetry, which seems expedient in a song.

## VI.

DIDO, as well as Desdemona \*, seems to have been a mighty admirer of strange achievements.

———Heu quibus ille

Jaçtatus fatis! quæ bella exhausta canebat!

Si mihi non animo, &c.

THIS may shew that Virgil, Shakespear, and Shaftsbury agreed in the same opinion.

## VII.

PEOPLE in high or in distinguished life ought to have a greater circumspection in regard to their most trivial

\* Lord Shaftsbury.

actions. For instance, I saw Mr. Pope—and what was he doing when you saw him?—why, to the best of my memory, he was picking his nose.

## VIII.

THE vanity and extreme self-love of the French is no where more observable than in their authors; and, among these, in none more than Boileau; who, besides his rhodomontades, preserves every the most insipid reading in his notes, though he has removed it from the text, for the sake of one ever so much better.

## IX.

THE writer who gives us the best idea of what may be called the genteel, in style, and manner of writing, is, in my opinion, my Lord Shaftsbury. Then Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift.

A PLAIN narrative of any remarkable fact, emphatically related, has a more striking effect without the author's comment.

## X.

POPE seems to me the most correct writer since Virgil; the greatest genius, only since Dryden.

## XI.

POPE's talent lay remarkably in what one may naturally term condensation of thoughts. I think no other English poet ever brought so much sense into the same number of lines, with equal smoothness, ease, and poetical beauty. Let him who doubts of this, peruse his Essay on Man with attention. Perhaps this was a

talent from which he could not easily have swerved: Perhaps he could not have sufficiently rarified his thoughts to produce that flimziness which is required in a ballad or love-song. His monster of Ragusa, and his translations from Chaucer, have some little tendency to invalidate this observation.

## XII.

RHYMES, in elegant poetry, should consist of syllables that are long in pronunciation; such as, are, ear, ire, ore, your, in which a nice ear will find more agreeableness than in these, gnat, net, knit, knot, nut.

## XIII.

THERE is a vast beauty (to me) in using a word of a particular nature in the eighth and ninth syllables of an English verse. I mean what is virtually a dactyle. For instance,

“ And pikes, the tyrants of the watry plains.”

Let any person of an ear, substitute “ liquid” instead of “ watry,” and he will find the disadvantage. Mr. Pope (who has improved our versification through a judicious disposition of the pause) seems not enough aware of this beauty.

## XIV.

As to the frequent use of alliteration, it has probably had its day.

XV.

It has ever a good effect when the stress of the thought is laid upon that word which the voice most naturally pronounces with an emphasis.

“ I nunc et versis tecum meditare, &c. HOR.

“ Quam vellent æthere in alto

“ Nunc et pauperiem, &c. VIRG.

“ O fortunati quorum jam mœnia, &c. VIRG.

“ At regina gravi jamdudum, &c. VIRG.

Virgil, whose every metre appears to affect one's passions, was master of this secret.

XVI.

A good writer cannot, with the utmost study, produce some thoughts which will flow from a bad one, with ease and precipitation. The reverse is also true. A bad writer, &c.

XVII.

It seems with wit and good-nature, “ Utrum horum mavis accipe.” Taste and good-nature are universally connected.

XVIII.

SOME men use no other means to acquire respect, than by insisting on it; and it sometimes answers their purpose, as it does an highwayman's, in regard to money.

## XIX.

SHAKESPEAR makes his very bombast answer his purpose, by the persons he chuses to utter it.

## XX.

A POET, till he arrives at thirty, can see no other good, than a poetical reputation. About that æra, he begins to discover some other.

THE plan of Spenser's Fairy Queen, appears to me very imperfect. His imagination, though very extensive, yet somewhat less so, perhaps, than is generally allowed; if one considers the facility of realizing and equipping forth the virtues and vices. His metre has some advantages, though, in many respects, exceptionable. His good-nature, visible through every part of his poem. His conjunction of the Pagan and Christian scheme (as he introduces the deities of both acting simultaneously) wholly inexcusable. Much art and judgment are discovered in parts, and but little in the whole. One may entertain some doubt, whether the perusal of his monstrous descriptions, be not as prejudicial to true taste, as it is advantageous to the extent of imagination. Spenser, to be sure, expands the last, but then he expands it beyond its due limits. After all, there are many favourite passages in his Fairy Queen, which will be instances of a great and cultivated genius misapplied.

## XXI.

A POET, that fails in writing, becomes often a morose critic. The weak and insipid white-wine, makes, at length, a figure in vinegar.

XXII.

EVERY single observation that is published by a man of genius, be it ever so trivial, should be esteemed of importance; because he speaks from his own impressions; whereas common men publish common things, which they have, perhaps, gleaned from frivolous writers.

XXIII.

IT is providential, that our affection diminishes in proportion as our friends power encreases. Affection is of less importance, whenever a person can support himself. It is on this account, that younger brothers are often more beloved than their elders; and that Benjamin is the favourite. We may trace the same law throughout the animal creation.

XXIV.

ONE sometimes meets with instances of genteel abruption in writers; but I wonder it is not used more frequently, as it has a prodigious effect upon the reader. For instance, (after Falstaff's disappointment in serving Shallow at court)

"Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds"——

SHAKESPEAR.

WHEN Pandulph commanded Philip of France to proceed no farther against England, but to sheath the sword he had drawn at the Pope's own instigation:

130 THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS:

" Now it had already cost Philip eighty thousand  
" pound in preparations——"

AFTER the detail of King John's abject submission  
to the Pope's legate:

" Now John was hated and despised before."

BUT, perhaps, the strongest of all may be taken  
from the scripture. (Conclusion of a chapter in St.  
John)

" Now Barabbas was a robber.——"

XXV.

THE superior politeness of the French is in nothing  
more discernible, than in the phrases used by them and  
us, to express an affair being in agitation. The former  
says, " sur la tapis;" the latter, " upon the anvil."  
Does it not shew also the sincerity and serious face  
with which we enter upon business, and the negligent  
and jaunty air with which they perform even the most  
important?

XXVI.

MIGHT not the poem on the Seasons have been  
rendered more UNI, by giving out the design of na-  
ture in the beginning of Winter, and afterwards con-  
sidering all the varieties of season as means aiming at  
one end?

XXVII.

WE want a word to express the Hospes or Hospita of the ancients; among them, perhaps, the most respectable of all characters, yet with us translated Host, which we apply also to an inn-keeper. Neither have we any word to express Amica, as if we thought a woman was always somewhat more or less than a friend.

XXVII

We want a word to express the idea of the  
of the author's nature, perhaps the most re-  
flection of all, the most of all, the most of all,  
which we apply also to an individual. We have  
we may want to express, and as it is thought a  
woman was always something more or less than a

8

OF

M E N

AND

M A N N E R S.

I.

**I** CONSIDER your very testy and quarrelsome people, in the same light as I do a loaded gun; which may, by accident, go off and kill one.

II.

**ALTHOUGH** a man cannot procure himself a title at pleasure, he may vary the appellation he goes by, considerably. As from Tom, to Mr. Thomas, to Mr. Musgrove, to Thomas Musgrove, esquire. And this by a behaviour of reserve, or familiarity.

III.

**THERE** is nothing more universally prevalent than flattery. Persons who discover the flatterer, do not always disapprove him, because he imagines them considerable enough to deserve his applications. It is a tacit sort of compliment, that he esteems them to be such as it is worth his while to flatter.

“ And when I tell him he hates flattery,

“ He says he does, being then most flattered.”

SHAKESPEAR.

## IV.

A PERSON has sometimes more public than private merit. Honorio and his family were mourning for their ancestor; but that of all the world was internal and sincere.

A PROUD man's intimates are generally more attached to him, than the man of merit and humility can pretend his to be. The reason is, the former pays a greater compliment in his condescension.

## V.

THIRD thoughts often coincide with the first, and are generally the best grounded. We first relish nature and the country, then artificial amusements and the city; then become impatient to retire to the country again.

## VI.

WHILE we labour to subdue our passions, we should take care not to extinguish them. Subduing our passions, is disengaging ourselves from the world; to which, however, whilst we reside in it, we must always bear relation; and we may detach ourselves to such a degree as to pass an useless and insipid life, which we were not meant to do. Our existence here is at least one part of a system.

A MAN has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.

## VII.

WERE a man of pleasure to arrive at the full extent

of his several wishes, he must immediately feel himself miserable. It is one species of despair to have no room to hope for any addition to one's happiness.

His following wish must then be to wish he had some fresh object for his wishes. A strong argument that our minds and bodies were both meant to be for ever active.

VIII.

A MERE relater of matters of fact, is fit only for an evidence in a court of justice.

IX.

THE proverb ought to run "a fool and his words are soon parted; a man of genius and his money."

X.

IT is with some men as with some horses; what is esteemed spirit in them, proceeds from fear. This was undoubtedly the source of that seeming spirit discovered by Tully, in regard to his antagonist M. Anthony. He knew he must destroy him, or be destroyed himself.

XI.

A MAN sooner finds out his own foibles in a stranger, than any other foibles.

I BELIEVE there was never so reserved a solitary, but felt some degree of pleasure at the first glimpse of an human figure. The soul, however unconscious of its social bias, in a crowd, will in solitude feel some attraction towards the first person that we meet.

“*Simplex munditiis*,” has been esteemed universally to be a phrase at once very expressive, and of very difficult interpretation: at least not very capable to be explained without circumlocution. What objection can we make to that single word, elegant? which excludes the glare and multiplicity of ornaments on one side, as much as it does dirt and rusticity on the other.

THERE are many persons acquire to themselves a character of insincerity, from what is in truth mere inconstancy. And there are persons of warm, but changeable passions; perhaps the sincerest of any in the very instant they make profession, but the very least to be depended on through the short duration of all extremes. It has often puzzled me, on this account, to ascertain the character of Lady Luxborough; yet whatever were her principles, I esteem Lord Bolingbroke’s to have been the same. She seemed in all respects to be the female Lord Bolingbroke.

THE fund of sensible discourse is limited; that of jest and badinerie is infinite. In many companies then, where nothing is to be learnt, it were, perhaps, better to get upon the familiar footing: to give and take in the way of raillery.

9 MR 53

T H E E N D.

